

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Little Town of Bethlehem!

How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The Everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

How morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, and angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His Heaven.
No ear may hear His coming!
But, in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him
still,
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child;
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the mother mild;
Where Charity stands watching,
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory
breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

Only Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

—Phillips Brooks.

A Wayfaring Christmas.

Sitting at the window, Grandmother Horner was darning a pair of her son David's stockings. Suddenly she said to her daughter-in-law, who was sweeping in an adjoining room: 'Here's some more movers a-coming. Seems to me that there's a lot of people on the move now a-days. They'd better take to heart what is said about rolling stones not gathering any moss. Dear me! what a dreadful poor outfit they've got. Do come and see it, Mary.'

Mrs. Horner came and looked out of the window.

'Well, I should say so,' she said. 'What a poor, bony old horse! and the rickety old wagon looks as if it'd fall to pieces any minute. Wonder who they are and where they're going.'

'Must be dreadful shifless to be traipsin' round the country like that at this time of the year,' said Grandma Horner with unwonted severity of judgment.

'Mebbe there's no one in the wagon but that woman who is driving. Perhaps she's just going visitin'.'

'Why, don't you see two pots and kettles hung on behind? And there's a little sheet iron stove. They must need it nights, pleasant as the days are. It's a good thing for movers that it's such a wonderfully open winter this far.'

It had been the most remarkable winter on record in the Western States in which the Horners lived. Although it was now within two days of Christmas, there had been almost no snow at all, and December had been almost equal to April or May in warmth. Grandma Horner was right, when she said, as the old horse and rickety wagon passed out of sight: 'They'd freeze to death in that outfit if we had one of our usual winters. I don't see why folks want to go traillin' over the country at this season of the year. I should want to have some place I could call home at Christmas and Thanksgiving times, anyhow. It must be dreadful to be driftin' about then. I hope that turnout will get to where it's goin' before Christmas.'

'I hope so, too, if there's any children behind that yellow old wagon cover.'

'O mercy, Mary! There would not be any one foolish enough to be movin' about with children in a covered cart at this time of the year. Why it'd just be wicked.'

'Hardly that in all cases, mother. Necessity often causes people to do many things they would not if they could help it. Let us hope that the people in the cart are simply going to some place to keep Christmas with their friends. But I must finish my sweeping, and get to work on my Christmas pies and dough-nuts.'

'And I must finish these wristlets I'm knitting for Lucy's boy for Christmas. But I can't get those movers out of my head.'

'They surely can't be going far at this time of the year.' Mr. and Mrs. David Horner, and Mr. Horner's mother lived in the big, roomy old farmhouse that had once been brightened and made merry by the presence of children. But of the four children who had been sent to gladden the old house none were left now, and Mr. and Mrs. Horner were childless. Their last child, a brown-haired, dark-eyed girl of six years, had been taken from them during the past year, and there would be a lonely Christmas in the old house this year.

Last year there had been a tree for their little Margaret; and all of the little cousins from the neighboring farms and from the village three miles distant had been present; and there had not been a happier, merrier house in all the country round about. This year the house would be silent; and the big south room, in which Margaret's tree had blazed so brilliantly last year would be dark, with no sound of merriment within its walls. But all was bright and beautiful where little Margaret and her brothers and sisters were, and the peace of God had come into the hearts of their parents.

It was colder the day before Christmas than it had been for some weeks; but the sun was shining, and the air was crisp and invigorating. Mr. Horner had been to the town in the afternoon, and the short day was nearly done when he reached home.

Grandma Horner went to bed promptly at half-past seven the year around. Her son's wife saw her snugly stowed away in the high, four-poster bedstead with the purple calico valance. Then she came back to the family sitting-room, and said to her husband, who was sitting by the fire reading the papers he had brought from the town: 'It's a perfect night, David. The moon is nearly full, and the Christmas stars are shining as brightly as they must have shone in Bethlehem the night the Christ was born. I was thinking, while I was putting grandmother to bed that there was something that I'd like to do.'

'And what is that, Mary?'

'I'd like like to walk over to the cemetery and stand by the children's graves this Christmas Eve. I've just taken a notion that I'd like to do that if you don't mind, and it's a glorious night to walk out.'

'So it is,' said Horner. 'Get ready, and I'll go with you.'

Half an hour later they were nearly a mile from home, and were going by a little old log schoolhouse that had not been used for many years, when Mrs. Horner said suddenly, 'Why, David, there's a light in the old schoolhouse.'

'So there is. Some tramps, I guess. What is that out by the door? It looks like—why, it's an old covered wagon, and there is a horse tied to the wheel.'

'Oh, it must belong to those movers grandma and I saw go by the house yesterday.'

'I didn't suppose that there were any movers around at this time of the year.'

'Well, some one went by the house yesterday, and I think that these must be the same people. What a dreary place the old schoolhouse is to spend Christmas in! O David, we ought not to let them stay and spend Christmas in such a place when our house is so large and so empty. Let us go and look in at the window.'

The sight they saw touched their hearts. On an old mattress laid on the floor before the long-unused fireplace were three little children, covered with coarse gray blankets. Some smoke-blackened cooking utensils stood near the chimney, where some logs were smoldering, the red coals lighting the dreary room dimly.

But that which touched the hearts

of Mr. and Mrs. Horner more than anything else was the sight of the mother of the children, a small, wofully thin and sad-looking woman. She was tying one or two of the cheapest little wooden toys and three little sugar cakes to a little tree she had contrived to make stand erect on an old bench, which was all the furniture there was left in the room.

'O David, a Christmas tree!' whispered Mrs. Horner.

Mr. and Mrs. Horner silently retraced their steps to the road, and Mrs. Horner said, with a tremor in her voice: 'O David! What shall we do? We can't let them stay there over Christmas. O that poor, bare, little Christmas tree! How forlorn and pathetic it looked! O David, whatever and whatever they are, they shall not spend Christmas there.'

'No,' replied Mr. Horner; 'but I think that it may be best to let them stay where they are to-night. It is not so very cold, and the children are all asleep. We will come over there the first thing in the morning, and take them home with us.'

'But, O David, that forlorn little Christmas tree! It makes my heart ache to think of it. Let us go home and get things enough to fill it. There are boxes and drawers of the children's things at home, and a lot of colored wax candles left over from our tree last year. I'll find a whole basket full of things, and will come back with them, and give them to that poor mother for her children's tree.'

More than an hour passed before Mr. and Mrs. Horner returned. Then they saw through the window the mother sleeping by her children.

'I wonder if we couldn't slip in and put the things on the tree ourselves,' said Mrs. Horner. 'It would be such a surprise for them all! Let us try the door.'

It opened silently, and Mr. and Mrs. Horner stole in softly. The mother's heavy breathing was proof of the soundness of her sleep. She did not stir, and was still sleeping soundly when Mr. and Mrs. Horner stole out, leaving the tree full of toys of every description, while others were piled around the base of the tree.

'There I said Mrs. Horner as they reached the road, 'we'll sleep sounder and sweeter ourselves for this.'

It was bitterly cold and snowing heavily when Mr. Horner hitched his horses to a big sled and started for the old school house the next morning.

'You must get them here in time for breakfast,' Mrs. Horner had said; and, when Grandma Horner had heard of the events of the night before, she was all a-flutter with excitement.

'The poor little dears!' she said; 'you get right off after them, David! I couldn't relish a bite of breakfast knowing that there was a mother and little children in the old school-house such a morning as this.'

Three quarters of an hour later the excited old lady called out from the window, 'They're coming, Mary; they're coming.'

The wayfarers received a welcome that filled the eyes of the mother with tears.

'I can't thank you enough,' she said, brokenly. 'How happy my children were when they saw that tree! And how heavy my heart was when I heard the storm raging without, and realized that we were yet fifty miles from our destination, with our poor old horse's strength about gone, and scarcely any provisions or money left. But, poor as I was, I walked over to the town and bought the little things you saw me hanging on the tree for the children. They'd been talking so much about Christmas, and I could not bear to have them wake up and find nothing for them. They dragged in the little tree themselves. They always had one when their father was alive, and this is the first Christmas without him.'

'Your husband is dead?' asked Mrs. Horner.

'Yes; he died last March in a town four hundred miles from here, and I am on my way to my father's home, which is fifty miles from here. He was too poor to send for me, but he said that he would give me a home if I could get to him; and I have come all the way in the wagon.

You couldn't tell what a haven of rest this house seems.'

It was a safe haven of rest for the poor wayfarers for two weeks, during which time it stormed almost constantly. The poor old horse died during that time, and Mr. Horner sent the little family on their way by rail. The grateful mother's last words were, 'God bless you for the Christ spirit that filled your hearts when you came to us on Christmas Day.'

WEDDING BELLS.

THAYER-KNORR.

The pleasant home of Mrs. Catherine Knorr of 231 Lafayette Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., on Wednesday, at high noon, December sixteenth, was the scene of a very pretty and unusual wedding, in which Miss Catherine Knorr and Mr. Frank B. Thayer, of Corfu, were contracting parties. In the corner of the parlor was the robe of evergreens trimmed with white roses and the large wedding bell prettily covered with evergreens hanging on to the ceiling under which the bridal couple stood, and several potted palms were on each side.

The ceremony was performed in a simple but appropriate manner by Rev. Father McGrath, rector of Annunciation Church. After the ceremony, the happy couple received congratulations and an elegant wedding dinner was served.

The bride was dressed in a robe of gray crepon over silk to match, trimmed with Mexican lace and French knots. The maid of honor was Miss Lucy Knorr, sister of the bride, dressed in tan crepon over silk to match, trimmed with lace applique and silk embroidered with the same shade of silk.

The groom wore a neat suit of black clothes and was attended by Mr. John Knorr, brother of the bride.

The usher was Mr. Edward Knorr, the other brother. About 60 guests, all immediate relatives and special friends of the bride and groom were present as follows: Mrs. Catherine Knorr, mother of the bride, Misses Anna and Lucy Knorr, Messrs. John, Edward and George Knorr, Mrs. Henry Knorr and her children, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thayer, parents of the groom, Miss Florence Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sumner, sisters and brother-in-law of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jomint, cousins of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Kunz, aunt and uncle and cousins of the bride, Miss C. Cornue, Mr. and Mrs. B. Guillet, Mr. C. E. Webster, all of Buffalo, and too many names to be given.

A reception followed at eight o'clock in the evening and a bountiful supper was served.

Guests took part in dancing while music was going on till midnight when they departed for their night's repose.

While guests were at supper, the happy couple secretly departed on a wedding trip to their destination, being unknown to all, and will return to Buffalo, thence to Corfu, where they will make their future home.

The couple were the recipients of many handsome and costly presents, consisting of table silverware, some handsome pieces of furniture, some large sized framed pictures, three mantle clocks, cushions, etc.

Happiness and prosperity are anticipated for them by many friends.

A GUEST.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Classes meet at eight o'clock.

On and after Sunday, January 3, Dr. Johnston will preach at 3:30 in the afternoon, instead of the evening, and the Bible Classes will meet at 4 o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

PITTSBURG, PA.

MR. TEEGARDEN REMEMBERED.

We take pleasure this week in presenting a synopsis of the remarks made at a reception given to Mr. George M. Teegarden, in the lecture room of the First Presbyterian Church of Wilkensburg, on Friday evening, December 11th, 1903. Mr. Teegarden has served our Institution continuously since the days of its small beginning at Turtle Creek.

It is seldom that so large a number of deaf come together on any occasion as that which assembled to do honor to Mr. Teegarden at this time. Most of these men and women had been under his instruction at some period of their school course and their appreciation of his work in their behalf was spontaneous and generous. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Rolshouse who spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is a great pleasure to me to have the opportunity of speaking on behalf of the deaf who have taken steps to show their appreciation of the work of our faithful teacher, Mr. Teegarden.

Mr. Teegarden is known to every deaf person who has attended our school, and also to many from other schools in the United States. We all recognize the value of the work which he has done for our school since its organization over 27 years ago. May I say a few words of appreciation to the deaf here assembled? Many deaf persons who have been educated in the school, have succeeded in business and enjoy the comforts of life by means of the knowledge and skill which they acquired under his charge.

As to Mr. Teegarden personally, we can say that he is loved by all who are acquainted with him, and we know he cares for us, for he is not continually willing to help his friends in all their undertakings? I am sure not one has forgotten him and we have come here to-night to testify to that and to show the esteem in which we hold him. Mr. Teegarden, that all who have in any way been benefited by his labors of love do most heartily appreciate the benefits which he has conferred upon them, and if this reception pleases our friend we will be abundantly satisfied.

Mr. Fritzges gave a short account of school days at Turtle Creek, comparing it with the present school, and in concluding said: 'Mr. Teegarden is held in high respect by all who know him, and has many friends who still appreciate his work.'

Miss Emma Prager added to the interest of the occasion by a sign recitation of the poem entitled 'From Darkness to Light.'

Dr. John G. Brown, president of the Board of Trustees, was detained at home by sickness, but sent the following address which was read by Mr. A. U. Downing and interpreted by Mr. William N. Burt.

MR. TEEGARDEN: I feel highly honored in being selected by my deaf young friends to address you on their behalf on this interesting occasion. It is certainly a pleasant duty to give expression to their grateful remembrance of you, and I am glad that I can say my own heart goes along with their grateful regards.

It is your honorable distinction to have been intimately associated with the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb much longer than any of the present officers or teachers. You have been a loyal, faithful, efficient instructor in this school, from its organization in 1876. You have thus been an important factor in the work, the progress, the development of the school for a period of 27 years.

At the time of the organization three teachers were all that were required to meet the demand for instruction. They were, as you remember, Miss Anna B. Boyer, Miss Jennie Jenkins and yourself. It was in every respect indeed 'a day of small things.' The home of the school was in an old hotel building at Turtle Creek, some five miles east of our present location. Though the accommodations were the best possible to secure at the time, they were far from being suitable or comfortable, while the outlook for the future was anything but bright. But every one connected with the enterprise went to work with a determination to win success. Such was the unpropitious condition of our affairs and surroundings that Dr. Gillett, the distinguished Superintendent of the great Institution at Jacksonville, Illinois, when on a visit to our little school about that time, expressed

his sympathy for us in what he termed our pitiable condition and assured us that there was no reasonable ground to hope that with such conditions our efforts would ever amount to anything; that we were certainly doomed to failure and disappointment. We, however, had made up our minds not to give up the work or be discouraged. We had faith in God and faith in ourselves, and pressed forward in our efforts with renewed energy and determination. Dr. Gillett would have a very different opinion if he were alive to-day and could see our commodious and well appointed buildings, our efficient organization with 19 teachers and 226 pupils, our Primary building, our Industrial schools for the girls and for the boys and comfortable hospital, the whole constituting one of the best appointed institutions and doing as good work as any other school of its kind in the country.

And now, my dear sir, you saw all this. You have been a part of all this. You toiled on year after year quietly, patiently, faithfully, with a brave heart and a steady hand, sharing in all the labors, trials and disappointments of those early years, and it is now your privilege to see the results which you helped to achieve.

It is but just for me to say here publicly and in the presence of your former pupils what I have often said in private. You were ever loyal to the management, ever ready to assume any position or undertake any work, however tiresome, ever conscientious in the discharge of your duties, seeking at all times by every means at your command to promote the welfare of the institution, and your influence was not confined to your immediate classroom. It has been felt to a greater or less extent throughout the entire school. It is your satisfaction to feel that during the long term of your service you have exerted an influence for good, to some extent at least, over the lives and character of between 700 and 800 deaf-mute children.

Many years since a distinguished educator of the deaf remarked in my presence that deaf-mutes were deficient in one important element of character. He claimed that they were insensible to benefits conferred upon them, in other words, they were ungrateful. This surprised me greatly, for my experience and observation had led me to a very different conclusion, a conclusion much more creditable to the deaf. If, however, this charge be true of any number of them the fault is generally, if not invariably, with their teachers rather than with them. I have found them with rare exceptions grateful to all who have shown a kindly interest in their welfare. We have not to go far this evening for convincing evidence of this assertion. The majority of the deaf here to-night are your former pupils, some of them coming a considerable distance, and they are here for no other purpose than to assure you of their grateful remembrance and loving appreciation of what you did for them in the classroom and out of school.

They have gone out into the world, have occupied different relations and conditions, they have been called to discharge new duties and assume new responsibilities, they have met with the trials, the disappointments common to us all. They know now to some extent at least, what the battle of life means, and they realize as they never could in their inexperience as pupils the value and importance of the instruction and preparation they received at your hands. They now understand, as they could but imperfectly comprehend then, the importance of the duties you so persistently urged upon them.

And it is honorable to them as well as to yourself that they remember all this—that they are here to-night to acknowledge their indebtedness to you for what they have been enabled to accomplish for themselves and others. They have gathered here that they may lay the tribute of gratitude and affection at your feet, to show you that amid the cares and struggles in which they are involved they have not forgotten the faithful teacher of former years who, so kindly and patiently sought to im-

part to them the knowledge which would fit them for an honorable, useful life.

It is certainly a matter for rejoicing, I may even say of just pride, that the large majority of our former pupils are useful and respected members of the communities in which they live, while many of them, by their industry, economy and integrity, have secured for themselves an honorable independence.

And now, my dear sir, allow me on behalf of your former pupils, some of whom could not be present with us to-night, to present you as a slight testimonial of their personal esteem these beautiful volumes, Henry Thurston Peck's Great Masterpieces.

These books will prove in years to come pleasant and treasured reminders of the girls and boys who were privileged to sit under your instruction in the class rooms of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

Mr. Teegarden responded with much feeling to the address of Dr. Brown recalling some of the incidents of the early history of the school, dwelling at length on the able support the Institution had always received from Dr. Brown and Mr. John B. Jackson. 'Pupils and teachers have come and gone but these two gentlemen labor on, sparing neither time nor trouble to advance the interests of the school. If I have achieved anything worthy of your gratitude it is due in no small measure to the support these two members of the Executive Board gave to the school in the days of its early trials. It must be a matter of pride to them now to know that it has taken its place among the foremost schools of the land.'

As my thoughts go back to night to the infancy of our Institution. I find that many of the comforts that pupils now enjoy were denied to those at Turtle Creek. The dormitories were not heated and all parts of the building were crowded, but nobody complained of hardships. There is no doubt that the school today is vastly superior to the school at Turtle Creek, yet the struggles and adversities of those early days developed sturdy, self-reliant men and women, as the successful lives of many of those here abundantly testify.

Mr. William N. Bart, the present principal of the school, was called on for remarks and added his testimony to the zeal and efficiency shown by Mr. Teegarden in the discharge of his various duties. He congratulated him on the ease with which he seemed to do his work, for he had not paid the usual penalty of long service in marks of advancing years but had apparently found what the early Spanish adventurers sought for in vain: 'The Fountain of Perpetual Youth.'

Mr. Keys, the Burgess of Wilkensburg, who was in the audience, responded to the invitation of the president in a few well chosen words. He claimed the confidence of his hearers on the grounds that he and Mr. Teegarden were both born in the same country and that he too was at one time a teacher, though not of the deaf. He thought that the old pupils reflected credit on themselves and on the Institution in which they had received their training by their hearty and sincere testimony to his long service in their behalf.

Mr. B. R. Allabough having been asked to speak responded briefly, paying a fitting tribute to Mr. Teegarden's usefulness. He frankly acknowledged his own debt to Mr. Teegarden for many ideas he had gained by observation in his classroom and in familiar intercourse with him as a friend. He also commented on the excellence of the papers he prepared for teachers' meetings and other organizations.

At the close of the formal programme Mr. Teegarden received the congratulations of his many friends. The meeting was a remarkable demonstration of gratitude to a quiet and unassuming man who had always found sufficient reward for work well and faithfully done in the pleasure he took in doing it.—Western Pennsylvanian.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 24, 1903.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS
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If not paid within six months, 1.50

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Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God, who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose tone of voice is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

A Merry Christmas to All.

We are all familiar with the saying "Christmas comes but once a year!" but few of us—at least the fathers of families—are inclined to be like the fat little boy who cried because it didn't come oftener.

Each succeeding Christmas finds the expectations of children grown more and more expensive. The rag doll, and candy on a stick, and jumping Jack, and tin toys of the past, have given place to the doll that can talk and sing, the expensive box of bon-bons, the ingenious toys that walk and run, and the reproductions of fire-engines, locomotives and tramway cars that are moved by clockwork, steam or electricity. To buy these things, the paterfamilias requires a fat pocket-book at Christmastide.

However this is a sordid and parsimonious view of a joyous season, and should be thrust aside as unworthy of consideration.

Of all the festivities of modern civilization, none can lay claim to the spontaneous good-will that is universally experienced at Christmas time. It is a time when people strive to make each others happy, a time when joy and mirth predominate; when charity and love are exercised, and men and women are made better by the good they strive to do.

"Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let old and young accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

"A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

"My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will."

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. John Evangelists Day, December 27th.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M. Holy Communion.
St. Peter's Church, Portchester, 3 P.M.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

St. Stephen's Day, Saturday, December 26th, 3 P.M., Anniversary of Consecration in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., followed by Christmas Tree Festival in the Guild Room at 8:30 o'clock.

Guild Meeting in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, December 29th.

PORTER MEMORIAL FUND.

BULLETIN, No. 4.

116 Iowa Avenue,
Council Bluffs, Ia., Dec. 10, 1903.

Previously acknowledged \$34.50
H. S. Lewis, New York..... 1.00
Emma Prager, Pennsylvania..... 1.00

Through Prof. Draper:
Geo. Schaefer, Maryland..... 1.00
Thomas Mary, Tennessee..... 5.00
Ed. C. Harrah, Pennsylvania..... 1.00
Sarah Goldstein, D. C..... 1.00
Albert Berg, Indiana..... 1.00
Leon Bonham, Indiana..... 1.00
Philip Brown, Montana..... 1.00

Through R. J. Stewart:
A. F. Adams, D. C..... 1.00
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Miss Frances Morton, Cal..... 1.00
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G. G. Saxton, New York..... 2.00
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J. Tracy, Louisiana..... 1.00
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John E. Comstock, Conn..... 50
Wm. Weeks, Connecticut..... 1.00
\$75.00

J. SCHUYLER LONG,
Treasurer.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

HON. THOS. L. JAMES, Treasurer,
Lincoln National Bank,
Forty-second Street, East,
New York, N. Y.

COMMITTEE OF ENDORSEMENT.
The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York
The Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., Rector of Grace Church
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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
The Rev. Arthur H. Judge, M.A., Rector of St. Matthew's Parish and St. Ann's Church, 32 West 44th Street
Dr. J. Howard Reed, Junior Warden of St. Matthew's Parish, 120 West 97th Street
The Hon. Thomas L. James, Treasurer, Lincoln National Bank, Forty-second Street, East, New York

THE VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE
A Brooklyn manufacturer paid a bill without minding the other day, simply on account of the way it was worded. His engineer found that the hot-air pump would not work, and sent for a machinist. The latter bothered with it a half a day, and said it must come apart. This meant a stoppage of the factory for a time. It was suggested that a neighboring engineer be sent for, as he was a sort of genius in the matter of machinery. He came, and, closely studying the pump, he took a hammer and gave three hard raps over the valve. "I reckon she'll go now," he quietly said; and putting on steam, "she" did go!

"The next day," says the manufacturer, "I received a bill from him for twenty-five dollars and fifty cents. The price amazed me, but when I had examined the items I drew a check at once. The bill read this way:
"Messrs. Blank & Co., Dr. to John Smith. For fixing pump, fifty cents; for knowing how, twenty-five dollars."

"Had he charged me twenty-five dollars and fifty cents for fixing the pump, I should have considered it exorbitant. But fifty cents was reasonable, and I recognized the value of knowledge—so I paid, and said nothing!"

FANWOOD.

Again the Christmas Pantomime

WAS ENJOYED BY ALL.

A Letter to Santa Claus.

From our Regular Correspondent.

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

As customary, at Yuletide, an entertainment appropriate to the occasion was given in the chapel of the Institution on Saturday, December 19th, at 7:30 in the evening. Promptly on the time appointed, the pupils marched in, entering through the hall-entrance, the two other doors being used in connection with the performance that was to take place on the platform. The platform, and both sides to the right and left, were separated by a curtain and screen from the spectators, as will be remembered by many former pupils and graduates who have once witnessed or taken part in such entertainments. When all were seated, programmes printed by the pupils themselves were distributed. Below follows a reproduction of one of them. The programme:

Annual Christmas Entertainment
under the auspices of
The Fanwood Literary Association
of the
New York Institution for the Instruction
of the Deaf and Dumb,
in the Chapel,
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 19, 1903

COMMITTEE.
EVA E. BUCKINGHAM, MYRA L. BARRAGER,
PRUDENCE E. BURCHARD.

"THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS."

Scene I.—Shopping for Christmas.

Scene II.—Coming home for Christmas time, Christmas eve.

Scene III.—Hanging up the stockings.

Scene IV.—Trimming the Christmas tree

Scene V.—Filling the stockings.

Scene VI.—Christmas morning.

Scene VII.—The compliments of the season.

CAPT OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. Silverspoon..... Mr. T. F. Fox
Mrs. Silverspoon..... Miss M. L. Barrager
Edith Silverspoon..... Miss M. Tanzas
Henry Silverspoon..... Edward Trifels
Mary Silverspoon..... Irene Wilkins
Sophia Silverspoon..... Rachel Sczwie
Mr. Goodman, the grandfather..... Mr. E. P. Clarke
Mrs. Goodman..... Miss E. E. Buckingham
Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Silverspoon's sister..... Miss P. E. Burchard
Mr. Jenkins..... Mr. V. S. Birek
Dorothy Jenkins..... Bertha Kranzer
Mr. Davis, (Uncle Ed)..... Mr. E. M. Burdick
Henry Allison, a friend of Edith Silverspoon..... Mr. B. Zwofke
Mr. Grumpvitz, a bachelor who hates Christmas..... Mr. L. E. Gardner
Clerks..... Miss W. G. Jones
Miss W. Clark
Miss A. Bonoff
A poor boy..... Angelo Potino
His sister..... Angelina Quartucci

When the curtain arose a gay scene presented itself to the beholder. "Shopping for Christmas"—and a shopping, quarreling, and bargaining it was in the truest sense of the word. Several counters had been arranged on the stage, on which various oddities were placed on sale. Mr. Jones and Miss W. Clark proved to be two fine specimens of clerks well versed in business affairs, and skilled in the art of getting rid of cheap wares at the highest possible price. Soon a host of customers were seen crowding through the doors and a lively bargaining began intermixed with many funny incidents too numerous to be related here.

The second scene presented a room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Silverspoon. "Coming home for Christmas time, Christmas eve." The whole family in company of several friends and relatives had been in town to buy a variety of things fitting for Christmas. Finally they returned, packed to their fullest capacity with packets, boxes and other monstrous impossibilities of more or less circumference. The opening and unpacking now began, which was now and then interrupted by the arrival of some relatives. The maid in charge, Miss A. Bonoff, was kept busy all the time helping the guests, and meanwhile tending to lots of other matters that required her attention. Mr. and Mrs. Silverspoon, alias Mr. T. F. Fox and Miss M. L. Barrager, beamed with delight, the latter especially proving her tenderheartedness at every arrival of a new guest by kissing them very soundly.

In the third scene the room was changed into the sleeping quarters of the Silverspoon children. A gentle knock on the door announced their approach, and then they entered accompanied by their mother and the maid. They stripped off their stockings, hanging them up at the end of their bed. Owing to the many hundred eyes that were fixed upon their little little figures, they must have felt somewhat embarrassed, for they very

discreetly left the room to exchange their dresses for night gowns in which they soon reappeared. They were pretty to look on with their earnest faces, bearing a serious expression in anticipation of something great. Like three little angels they marched, so pure and white and innocent was their aspect. Having been brought to bed they soon fell asleep, but not before they had hung up their stockings for Santa Claus to fill with all good things that little children love. A screen was then placed before the bed and its sleeping occupants, to prevent their looking on unexpectedly upon the preparations made by loving hearts for their surprise and joy. A beautiful Christmas tree was brought in next and placed upon the table, while the whole family joined hands in trimming it up still more beautiful.

Presents were arranged beneath the tree, and this done the screen was removed from the bed, and all departed. One, however, had remained, and that was Mr. Grumpvitz, a bachelor, alias Mr. I. B. Gardiner, who, up to this time had never been able to acquaint himself with the true spirit of Christmas, and who, hated it accordingly. After meditating on it for some time he could no longer restrain his emotion, and began to wander restlessly about the room inspecting all before him curiously. Finally, however, his whole being experienced a complete change, and he left the room joyously.

In Scene V, "Filling the stockings," the room was cast in gloom, for it was midnight, the hour of phantoms, and spectres, and also that of Santa Claus Emerging from out of a secret passage of which no mortal knows, came Santa, with a huge sack hung over his shoulder. Stealthily he crept forward until he had reached the middle of the room, where he halted. Santa Claus, in whom we recognized the familiar figure of Mr. Jones, was indeed worth seeing, and the pupils were well aware of this fact, their admiration being unaffectedly expressed by loud hand clapping. Slowly he proceeded to fill the stockings, when suddenly one of the children who had until then been profoundly asleep arose, and with outstretched arms, and mouth wide open gazed on Santa, presenting a picture of the utmost surprise. On seeing that his secret was out, Santa cautioned her to be quiet, and not betray him to anyone or else she might lose all the good things he had put into the stockings.

This proved to be sufficient, for she immediately laid down again and resumed her sleeping attitude, although she may not have been able to withstand the temptation of peering on that wondrous little man through the corner of her eyes. Santa now disappeared just as mysteriously as he had come, and the curtain went down, to rise again on the scene of "Christmas morning." The children were still sleeping when awakened by their mother.

On seeing the tree and the many beautiful things before them, their joy knew no bounds, and they speedily left the room to attire themselves in their best dresses. When they again entered they were followed by the whole family, who were all intent on sharing their happiness.

In the last scene, all who had taken part in the acting were assembled, Santa Claus towering above them all, pronouncing the benediction. Mr. Barnett Zwofke and Mr. Vernon Birek, dressed in their best apparel, were in the party, and both kept the eyes of all the girls constantly fixed upon them. Miss Mary Tanzas, too, seemed to have cause to call this her happiest Christmas.

Mr. Clarke, Mr. Burdick and the Misses Buckingham and Burchard also deserve worthy commendation. The whole affair was a great success, and will be remembered by all for many a day to come with due appreciation of the efforts of the Committee of lady teachers who worked so hard to make it a success.

It was fifteen to nine by the clock when the company was dismissed, and the little boys and girls left the chapel to continue the adventures of Santa Claus in their dreams.

Friday last, the children of the kindergarten classes were tendered a reception. All the good things, as nuts, candies, and fruits, were given to all in abundance. The whole company presented an amusing spectacle with smiles on all their faces, the picture of content. They enjoyed their Christmas greatly.

The approaching Christmas vacation brings joy to all the pupils. They are to spend nearly two weeks at their homes, from December 23d to January 4th. The writer sends to the readers of the Fanwood column a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Spiral stairways are in course of construction on the new Dormitory building, to connect the balconies.

On Saturday last, six boys under the guidance of M. Kisberg and A. Knipe went to Central Park to enjoy skating. The ice was fine, and they enjoyed themselves immensely.

The old stairway on the girls' side of the Academic building is now being torn down, and a mass of debris

may be seen in its place. A new modern fireproof stairway is to be made instead.

The regular examinations were begun on Monday, the 14th.

Cadet Julius Byck, while walking in Harlem last Saturday, had the good fortune to meet Jeffries and Munroe, the two noted pugilists.

Prof. Jones gave an excellent story in the chapel last Sunday, entitled "The Last of the Cargo."

Captain S. Freedman had an opportunity of witnessing a part of the inauguration of the new Williamsburg Bridge, which was opened to the public on Saturday last.

Ping-Pong has been revived at school here.

The following is taken from the Port Jervis Union and refers to a little boy at Fanwood:—

WRITES A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Following is a copy of a letter written by Walter E. Kadel, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kadel, and who is attending school at 163d Street and Broadway, New York. The letter was addressed to "Dear Old Santa Claus, who lives at 82 Pike Street, Port Jervis, N. Y." and is as follows:

Dear Old Santa Claus:
I write you again, as in the past, telling you the good things I would like this Christmas. There are things I forgot last year which you would bring to me this time. They are as follows:

1 roll-top desk and chair
1 tool-box with tools complete
1 Poor cammen from London
1 tin box with a key and lock
1 pr high-cut rubber boots
1 light rubber coat and hat
1 new Sunday suit of clothes
1 pr high-cut leggings
and many other good things that you might think of that I can use.

Good bye
from your loving friend
WALTER E. KADEL.

home address 82 Pike St., Port Jervis, N. Y.
S. C.

SOUTH HAVEN.

We agree with Rev. Mr. J. H. Cloud's opinion, and we think the latter part of August is the most suitable time for the World's Congress and the National Association to meet.

South Haven people did not crack the Sabbath by reading the Chicago Sunday papers last Sunday, not because they would not, but because they could not. The papers did not get here because of the storm. It has snowed every day since the first week of November, and excellent sleighing we have been having since November 20th. While we in South Haven have been quietly complaining of the cold weather, with the thermometer marking 10 to 15 degrees, Chicago has been having a temperature of 13 below, a difference of more than 20 degrees. On the other hand Chicago has had no sleighing until the last storm.

To the Ladies' Aid Society, of Chicago, is kindly called their attention to the following paragraph from a South Haven exchange:

"For some days a half demented, destitute woman has been about town, who gave different names on different occasions, was given a ticket and sent to Chicago this morning by Marshal Sisson. It was cheaper to send her than to keep her here or take her to the county house."

A subscriber writes: Since reading the JOURNAL each week for three years, I feel like a new man. If I don't stop reading it, I will be in my teens again. People grow old by thinking themselves old. As surely as they think this it will come true, for thought is creative. Better subscribe for the JOURNAL, only one dollar a year, and read it every week and be cheery and happy. It surely will drive out your thought of age. Try it!

Negotiations are in progress for an auto car for South Haven next season. One which will carry about twenty-five passengers in contemplated, which can be run regularly to the resorts and for trips into the country.

The following is clipped from the Hyde Park (a suburb of Chicago) Gardener.

"Actions speak louder than words when a deaf and dumb man is doing the talking."

Watch for the greatest news story (copyrighted by "Chicago") in the next or second issue of the JOURNAL. "CHICAGO."

The Pope Calendar.

The re-issue of the Pope bicycle daily-leaf calendar may be considered the opening gun proclaiming the natural and healthful return of bicycling. Col. Albert A. Pope, the founder of our bicycle industries and the pioneer in the Good Roads Movement, is again at the head of the bicycle industry. Upon the 366 calendar leaves are freshly written lines, from the pens of our greatest college presidents, doctors, clergymen, statesmen, and other eminent men and women, all of them enthusiastically supporting bicycling. Half of each leaf is blank for memoranda. This calendar is free at the Pope Manufacturing Company's stores, or any of our readers can obtain it by sending five 2-cent stamps to the Pope Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn., or 143 Sigel Street, Chicago, Ill.

Van of Nature's chokes was a man with a full reservoir of hot air trying to speak to a deaf man. Dinkelspiel (G. V. Hobart) in N. Y. American.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Mr. Robert Patterson to Lecture.

HOLIDAY BASKET BALL.

Interested Visitors—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The past week has been a very quiet one in College circles, and nothing but the steady hum drum of cramming has been going on. Examinations will begin this morning and extend through until Wednesday noon. Then a large number of the students will strike out for different places to spend their vacation, which will not end until January 4th. Mr. Robert Patterson, '70, Principal of the Ohio School for the Deaf, will entertain the stay-at-homes with a lecture on the 2d. Mr. Patterson's ability in manipulating the sign language is well known, and the students are expecting a treat.

Basket ball will also be an attraction for those who chose to remain on the Green. The interclass championship tournament will begin on Thursday, and a committee consisting of Messrs. Cameron, '04, Garrett, '05, Fugate, '06, Johnson, '07, have arranged the following schedule:

	'06—'07	'04—I C
Thursday	'07—I C	'05—06
Friday	'05—I C	'04—'07
Saturday	'04—'06	'05—'07
Monday	'06—I C	'04—'05
Tuesday		

Neesam, '04, has been elected Captain of the Senior team, which by the way is feeling very confident of winning the championship. Saturday morning they stood up against the Juniors and beat them to the tune 19 to 9. The Introductory Class has a pretty good team, and will fight their way for honors.

Some heavy railing has just been placed in front of the chest-weights to protect them from rough usage when the game is in full sway, and Instructor Adams is further contemplating the removal of the horizontal bar so as to give a clear floor. The sport is receiving more and more attention in the large colleges this winter, and it is gratifying to note that Gallaudet is also in the good move.

The moving picture entertainment of Mr. George Flick, given under the auspices of the Trinity Parish Mission, last Wednesday evening, was quite good as far as it went. When it was a little more than half over a bad accident occurred, and as the break could not be repaired the spectators had to adjourn. Some of the pictures were both amusing and interesting. A large number of the students were present. Friday evening he exhibited at Hyattsville, and had much better success.

Some of the poor Ducks are really unfortunate. But it seems that Miss Hooper is getting more than her share. Indeed, it never rains but pours. After having lost the young prince of Korea last Saturday evening, she has had the further misfortune of taking la grippe just when preparing to leave for home during the coming vacation.

Something must be wrong with our good friend, "Lazybones" Stevens, '05. Most every day towards the evening, no matter what the weather, he may be seen strolling over the farm with a game rifle. He never brings any game home, nor ever says anything about having seen a bob-tail. Indeed, it is a mystery. This, coupled with his novel experiences one morning with a paper-carrier, has made him more than an object of curiosity and wonder.

A committee composed of Messrs. Neesam, Winemiller, and Hendricks, '04, are busily engaged in making up a list of new books to be purchased for the Literary Society. In our next letter we will try and give the complete list.

It appears that the young ladies of the Freshman Class will have to give something else hereafter other than birthday dinners, for birthday days come only once a year, and all have appeared during the first term. Miss Drumman was the last to receive such a spread.

Mr. P. W. Lee, '06, who was taken to the hospital a week ago, has returned much improved. He is now able to be around, and will be his old self in a couple of weeks.

Two of the lady trustees of the Utah School were visiting on the Green the last few days of the week. They are making a tour of the country to obtain new ideas for the Utah School, and were much interested in the College and the Kendall School. They reported that Miss Elizabeth DeLong, '02, who is a teacher there, is progressing finely.

Mr. Lester G. Rosson, '02, who coached the football team most efficiently last fall, has forsaken the Capital City and gone to his home in Sadlersville, Tenn. His sister is soon to be a bride, and having

been chosen best man he left sooner than he had expected.

The Normal Fellows had their examination Friday, and in the afternoon Miss Bowden set out for the city of Brotherly Love to spend her vacation.

During the second term Prof. Day will instruct in a new course of American Literature and History. It is intended to be optional and is mainly for those who pursue an elective course, although it can also be taken up as an additional study.

We have often heard of "a slip of the tongue" but here is something that appears to be a slip of the fingers. During a recent discussion relative to the advisability of purchasing a certain kind of meat for a birthday feast, one of the co-eds suggested that "ready made" meat be purchased!

The Seniors claim that their razors have gone on a strike for two months, as a result of too much honing. Consequently the Seniors are displaying full beards and mustaches. Some are simply spectacles of "beauty" while others are very good looking. Friedman and Roberts have taken the cake so far, but the former has resorted to the scissors upon finding that his razor will not settle at all within two months!

Mr. Edward Murdock Rowse, '06, has recently been admitted to the Kappa Gamma Fraternity.

Mr. Alvin Pope, who is connected with the St. Louis Exposition, was in the city Sunday. He has been visiting several of the Schools and from here he went to Philadelphia, thence to Trenton, and then on to Columbus. He thinks the Exposition will exceed both in size and grandeur the one held in Chicago in 1893, by a long run.

H. D. DRAKE, '04.

Dec. 21, '03.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The Fair and Bazaar held at Hall of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf Wednesday and Thursday, December 16 and 17, proved a splendid success beyond all expectation. On the first night the attendance was rather light, but many articles were readily disposed of. Thursday was the banner night, and the hall was comfortably filled. The remaining articles were sold at auction, and good prices were realized. The Chairman Miss Annie Barry, worked hard, and her efforts were crowned with success. The committees were: Fanny Table, Mr. and Mrs. McElroy; Dry Goods Table, Mrs. Unsworth and Miss Sarges; Fruit and cake table, Misses Thies and Albans; Ice-Cream, the Misses Shipley and Steigler.

Harry Palmer came all the way from Hartford County to attend, and before he went home, he left a dollar with us for a year's subscription to the JOURNAL.

The large printing Establishment wherein Mr. Leitch has been steadily employed for the past two years was completely destroyed by fire last Sunday, thereby throwing him out of work just in the midst of the busy season. After a few days of enforced idleness Mr. Leitch was lucky enough to get a place as dishwasher at the Carrollton Hotel, just to keep him out of want till the company rebuilds, and he will go back again at his old place.

John Fowle, of Greenmount, was in town for a few days last week on a shopping expedition. He took in the fair and had a good time treating the girls to ice-cream.

Mr. A. C. Buxton, President of the State Association, arrived in town Wednesday night last after an absence of six weeks in Western Penna. He came here to spend the holidays with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. William McElroy have gone to housekeeping. They are now happily domiciled in their new flat at 1905 La Fayette Ave.

The members of the Society are wondering why the JOURNAL does not arrive at the hall. We have not received it for the past three weeks. Perhaps Uncle Sam is to blame.

The Society now has a colored man as a janitor, who is more prompt and keeps the hall in a neat order to the entire satisfaction of all.

Mr. Chas. Lister left this city and went to Kent County to live with his sister for a few weeks to regain his shattered health. He is an industrious and hard working man and the deaf here sympathize with him and hope he will return well.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to all.
J. A. B.

Special Notice.

The Rev. Wm. Lawrence, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Massachusetts

NEW YORK.

The Union League's Thirtieth Annual.

A PLEASANT PARTY

Basket Ball and Other Items

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League scored a great success last Saturday evening, when its Thirtieth Annual Entertainment and Reception was held at Terrace Garden.

Thirteen may or may not be a lucky number. In this case it proved lucky enough to suit the average Union Leaguer as well as all the friends of the organization that had gathered for entertainment and pleasure in Terrace Garden. The result from a financial point of view must be very gratifying to the treasurer as well as to Arthur Bachrach, who managed the business interests of the affair.

Emil Busch was stage director, and to his work is due the fine stage entertainment given.

There were six numbers on the program, not counting the overture by Prof. Hofinger's orchestra, and with the exception of the slack wire exhibition failed, all were faithfully carried out.

First there was O. W. Courtney, an eccentric and comical juggler, and he delighted all.

Next came the "Ethiopian Farce," in one act, entitled "No Cure, No Pay." This was given by Union League members, and was probably more heartily enjoyed by the deaf present than any of the other numbers, excellent as they all were. The cast of characters was:

Dr. Sawbones—An Enthusiast.....
.....Mr. A. C. Bachrach.
Fanny Sawbones—His daughter.....
.....Miss Marguerite Talley.
Geo. Washington Green—A dandy lover.....
.....Mr. Charles Glasel.
Cato—A Butler and Cook.....
.....Mr. Sam Frankenheim.

The scene was laid in a doctor's office, and all of the characters were colored and costumed in first-class style, and their antics caused a great deal of laughter. Arthur C. Bachrach, as Dr. Sawbones, deserves especial commendation for his rendering of the part, while Miss Marguerite Talley was bewitchingly vivacious as Fanny Sawbones. Her lover, George Washington Green, was enacted by Charles Glasel, and he was a really captivating dandy. They did a cake walk in fine style, although hampered by the smallness of the stage. Lastly, but not least, Samuel Frankenheim proved himself a star amid the quartette of amateur talent. Altogether, the Union League actors gave quite a nice little show.

Courtney and Dunn, two pretty singing and dancing soubrettes, were encased several times. The La Velles did some extremely comical stunts, and Bush and Gordon pleased all by their pantomime and natural gestures as well as by the wonderful, acrobatic style of dancing.

After the stage performance the auditorium was cleared for action, and soon the floor space was completely filled with Terpsichorean devotees moving to the strains of Hofinger's orchestra.

The floor manager was Harry C. Gomprecht, assisted by Bernard E. Frank and the following floor committee: James B. Gass, Chairman; Emmanuel Sonweine, George M. Taggard, Alfred B. Ernst, Edgar Bloom, Jacob Keiber, Jr., Isaac Moses.

The Reception Committee, chair-manned by Charles Bothner, included Harry C. Dickerson, Solomon Buttenheim, Culmer Barnes, Marcus L. Kenner, Joseph Sonneborn, Henry C. Kohlman, William H. Ehrenham, Charles C. McMan, Irwin A. Oppenheimer, Felix A. Simonson.

The Committee of Arrangements was as follows: Seymour A. Gomprecht, Chairman; Simon Hirsch, Jr., Treasurer; H. Gloistien, Lyman Metzger, Robert B. McGinnis.

To enumerate the many present would include most of New York's deaf-mute society people. There were any number of beautifully gowned ladies, and to mention a few in particular would probably offend many apparently overlooked, so it is better to merely say that beauty and gallantry held sway during the entire evening.

The officers of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League (which, however, will probably be somewhat changed ere this is read, because the annual election takes place this Thursday evening) at present are:

Samuel Frankenheim, President; Seymour A. Gomprecht, 1st Vice-Pres.; Theodore S. Rose, 2d Vice-Pres.; Francis W. Nubser, Secretary; Moses W. Loew, Treasurer. When they go out of office, they

can point with pride to one of the most successful years the League has ever had. Both the public affairs and the private club entertainments have been marked by a success and popularity that is extremely gratifying.

The calendar of the Free Tuesday Evenings of St. Ann's Church for the year 1903-'04, recently issued and given out, is as follows:—

1903.
Sept. 8—Parish Meeting.
15—Mass Meeting.
22—Lecture, by Mr. J. H. Keiser.
29—Guild Meeting.

Oct. 6—Social.
Committee—Mrs. Knox, Mrs. McKeahan, Misses Thadwald, Penall, Kummer.
13—Parish Meeting.
20—Literary Evening. Program to be announced.
27—Guild Meeting.

Nov. 3—Social.
Committee—Miss Howard, Mrs. Haigh, Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Brown.
10—Parish Meeting.
17—Lecture, by Mr. Murray Campbell.
24—Guild Meeting.

Dec. 1—Social.
Committee—Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Brown, Misses Miller and Berley.
8—Parish Meeting.
15—To be announced.
22—Literary Evening. Program to be announced.
29—Guild Meeting.

1904.
Jan. 5—Social.
Committee—Mrs. Fetscher, Mrs. F. B. Thompson, Misses Jaycox and Weeks.
12—Parish Meeting.
19—Lecture, by Mr. F. W. Meinken.
26—Guild Meeting.

Feb. 2—Social.
Committee—Mrs. Meinken, Misses Penall, Thadwald, Kummer and Kueich.
9—Parish Meeting.
16—Literary Evening. Program to be announced.
23—Guild Meeting.

Mar. 1—Social.
Committee—Misses Judge, Pearce, Jaycox and Weeks.
8—Parish Meeting.
15—To be announced.
22—Lecture, by Mr. W. G. Jones.
29—Guild Meeting.

Apr. 5—Social.
Committee—Mrs. Pfeiffer, Mrs. Fetscher, Mrs. Knox and Miss Turner.
12—Parish Meeting.
19—Literary Evening. Program to be announced.
26—Guild Meeting.

May 3—Social.
Committee—Misses Mabel Pearce, Violet Pearce, Weeks, Jaycox.
10—Parish Meeting.
17—Lecture, by Mr. Wm. Renner.
24—To be announced.
31—Guild Meeting.

June 7—Social.
Committee—Mrs. Brown, Misses Penall, Thadwald, Kummer, Ehrlich.
14—Parish Meeting.

All deaf-mutes are cordially invited to attend the above.

On Saturday evening, the 12th of December, a party in honor of the birthday of Mr. Henry Prinsinzing, a former pupil of Fanwood, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan. It was given by him. Games of various kinds were indulged in, and at about 11 P.M. a fine dinner was served. Among those who were invited and were present were: Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Messrs. John D. Buckley, John Koffer, James Avers, Eugene V. Moeslein, Mr. William P. Turner an expert deaf-mute photographer of Brooklyn, Mr. Henry Prinsinzing, James McKenna, Charles Rumpf, Henry McClave, of Tarrytown, N. Y., Victor N. Werner, Thomas C. V. Hamilton, Misses Lillian L. Dornblut, Mamie Lyons, Mamie Griffin, Mary Mackin, Mamie Filer, Annie Quinn, Libbie M. Bain and others. At the conclusion of the games two different photographs were taken by flashlight, of the merry group, by Mr. W. M. Turner. Henry Prinsinzing received a few nice presents and a most enjoyable time was had by all.

In a lively basket ball game between the Lexington A. A. (school team) and Public School No. 19, at the latter's court, the L. A. A. vanquished their opponents by the score of 20 to 4. The match was a clean one from start to finish, and full of excitement. The star players were Cohen, Baker and Honing, of the Lexington's; King and Frankie, of the P. S. No. 19. The others did well. The following was the lineup.

L. A. A.	P. S. No. 19.
Baker, left forward.	May, May
Cohen, left guard.	Franklin, Franklin
Honing, centre.	Nacheman, Nacheman
Marks, right guard.	McGinnis, McGinnis
Schulman, right forward.	Kling, Kling

Time of halves—15 minutes. Score 1st half—L. A. A.—20 P. S. No. 19—4. 2nd half—L. A. A.—10 P. S. No. 19—0. Final score—L. A. A.—30 P. S. No. 19—4. Referee—W. Kupfer. Timekeeper—Ph. R. Kinney.

Mr. and Mrs. Schnurmman, who embarked on the matrimonial sea last September, are now domiciled in a handsomely furnished home in this city. The young couple apparently find house-keeping no bore, as can be evidenced by their cheerful disposition. Each Sunday finds gathered at their home a happy company making time pass off merrily. One of the centres of attraction there is Mr. Louis Gilbert, who, by the way, is Mr. Schnurmman's chum. His face is a study. Maybe he is philosophizing on the advantages of following his host's footsteps, that of matrimony. To be sure, just ask him.

A deaf-mute couple living in East New York lost a very fine Maltese kitten in a curious way last week. Their kitchen range was a favorite place for the kitten to pass the night. The kitten went to sleep in

the oven, and in the morning the husband on getting up closed the oven door and commenced making a fire. The cries of the kitten did not reach his ear, as he was as deaf as a post. In a few hours the wife missed her pet, and on searching for it was shocked on opening the oven door to find it in roast eat. We hope they did not put it on their bill of fare that evening.

Samuel Cox, of Port Washington, has just lost about \$45 worth of chickens through the depredations of "Bobs," his hunting dog. This is what a local newspaper says concerning it:

"A dog owned by Samuel Cox killed 28 chickens in the absence of his master. When Mr. Cox returned home from work Monday, he found 28 of his fine white Leghorns dead; and that 11 others had taken fright and left for places unknown, so he has none left. The havoc angered Mr. Cox, and he shot the dog."

Mrs. Doris Kohlmetz, mother of Albert Kohlmetz, died early Monday morning, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. She was well known to many of the deaf of St. Louis during and prior to the eighties. She was well and strong up to a short time ago, when she had a fall that seemed trifling, but combined with her age gradually wore her out. She could read without eye-glasses, and on her deathbed her only means of conversation was by signs, in which she was an adept.

The engagement of Mr. Albert Balamuth, of Newark N. J., to Miss Esther Cohen, of Providence R. I., will take place to-morrow, the 25th, in Newark. Miss Cohen is a graduate of the Providence Institution, while her affianced who holds a lucrative position with a silversmith firm in Providence, hails from the Lexington Avenue School.

Marcus L. Kenner leaves for Philadelphia, on Christmas morning, where he will remain for an indefinite time, as the guest of his school chum—D. Ellis Lit.

Several expert women basketball players, of the Normal College, are initiating the young girls of the Lexington Avenue School into the mysteries of the game.

Fox's Deaf-Mute Son.

Samuel Rogers, in his *Tattle-tale*, relates the following: "I once dined at Mr. Stone's, at Hackney, with Charles James Fox, Sheridan, Madame de Genlis, and some other celebrated persons of the time. A natural son of Fox, a deaf and dumb boy, who was the very image of his father, and who died a few years after, when about 15 years old, was also there, having come for the occasion from the celebrated Braidwood's Seminary for young deaf and dumb ladies and gentlemen in Hackney. To him, Fox almost entirely confined his attention, conversing with him by the fingers, and their eyes glistened as they looked at each other. Talleyrand (Napoleon I.'s prime minister) remarked to me, 'How strange it was to dine in company with the first orator in Europe, and only see him talk with his fingers.'"—*British Deaf Times*.

The Dutch Courtship Month.

In Holland November is held sacred to courtship. The four Sundays of November are observed as fete days in Holland. They are known by the curious names—review, decision, purchase and possession; and all refer to matrimonial affairs. November in Holland being the month devoted to courtship and marriage, probably because agricultural occupations of the year are over, and possibly because the lords of creation from quite remote antiquity have recognized the pleasantness of having wives to cook and cater for them during the long winter.

On review Sunday everybody goes to church, and after service there is a church parade in every village, when the youths and maidens gaze upon each other, but forbear to speak. On decision Sunday, each bachelor who is seeking a wife, approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow, and, from her manner of responding, judges whether his advances are acceptable. On purchase Sunday the consent of the parent is sought if the suit has prospered during the week. Not until possession Sunday, however, do the twain appear before the world as actual or prospective brides and grooms.

Services for Western New York.

St. Paul's, Buffalo—Every Sunday at 11 A.M. The Holy Communion will be celebrated on the second Sunday of the month.
St. Luke's, Rochester—On the first Sunday of the month. Holy Communion at 10:45 A.M. On all other Sundays, Evening Prayer, 7:30 P.M.
Services at other points will be arranged by special appointment.

C. ORVIS DANFELT, Missionary.
331 Grand Avenue,
Rochester, N. Y.

The Rev. John Alexander Dowie, the self-styled Elijah III, has some deaf-mute followers in Zion City.

Mr. Oscar B. Regensburg, of Chicago, Ill., is an advertising clerk for the Eisen-drath Glove Company.

OHIO.

A Complimentary Dinner.

APPEAL TO THE ALUMNI.

Killed by the Storm.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 938 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

On December 12th, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Ellerhorst at their cozy home, gave a brilliant and elegant supper in honor of Mr. Fred. J. O'Brien. After the table was cleared, Dr. Arthur Clancy exhibited for the benefit of the guests many beautiful views of various renowned resorts and cities of the United States and Europe which were highly pleasing and greatly enjoyed. Next games of various sorts were indulged in and a lively interest manifested in them. The affair proved a very pleasant one, and will long be remembered by those who had the honor to participate in it. Those present were Messrs. Fred. J. O'Brien, Arthur Clancy, Arthur M. Hinch, George McQuade, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Ellerhorst, and Misses Marguerite Innes, Edna Fisher and Ethel Pallard.

The President of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, has issued the following appeal, which should meet with a hearty response from the friends of the Home.

To Members and Friends of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association:—Again as Christmas draws near, we are reminded of the claims the Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf has on our help for its existence and maintenance. As no time is more appropriate to give an offering to this worthy charity than at Christmas time. It is a season of love and kindness, and the Home is a work of love. Mr. W. H. Zorn, the treasurer, will acknowledge all offerings that may be sent to him at the School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio.

Wishing you all a merry Christmas and Happy New Year, I am
Yours sincerely,
COLLINS S. SAWHILL,
President O. D. M. A. A.
BRADDOCK, PA., DEC. 11, 1903.

The sad news was received here the middle of the week that Mr. Thomas Turner, of Oregonia, Greene County, was dead, the end coming Tuesday. The death will be a shock to many, as no one was aware here that anything serious had happened to him. At this writing full particulars are not at hand. It seems that last Saturday afternoon during the heavy wind storm that swept over the State, at that time he was out at his barn attending to his stock. One of the heavy doors of the barn was torn off by the wind, and it fell on him injuring so as to render him senseless. His wife came to his rescue, but she was unable to remove the door. Neighbors were called for assistance. The door was removed from the prostrate form, and the man carried into the house. He remained unconscious to the time of death. The funeral occurred yesterday.

Mr. Turner entered the Institution here in 1848, at the age of ten years, and went through the full course which at that time was seven years, and was a man of good intelligence. He was a farmer by occupation and by his diligence and thrift accumulated sufficiently for a rainy day. He was a good christian and often held services for the deaf in his community. He was married to Miss Mary A. Drake, November 13, 1863. An only daughter, recently married, was the only issue.

Mr. Turner took much interest in the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, and two years ago was chosen one of its managers.

Mrs. Emma Sawhill, accompanied by her three children are in Brad-dock, Pa., to be the guest for a week of Mr. and Mrs. Collins Sawhill.

Mabel, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Collins Sawhill, is home from Blairsville College for the holidays.

Mr. Collins Sawhill's friends, and they are numerous, will regret to hear that he has been unable to work for over a month on account of poor health.

Mrs. Verna Chapman is being entertained by Miss Cloa Lamson during Christmas week.

Rev. A. W. Mann held two services in the city last Sunday, at Trinity Church and the Institution, and after the latter went up to the home where in the evening, he preached to the people there.

Of his visit to the place, he wrote us:

"My visit at the Home was very pleasant, indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Brers were very kind; and it was a great happiness to meet once more those who are enjoying its blessings and comforts in their declining years.

The attention and interest at the Service was an inspiration. I shall remember it; and the request that the distance between the visitations be lessened."

Mrs. Joseph W. Leib, the other day while out walking slipped on the icy pavement, and in the fall

strained the tendon in one of her feet, rendering confinement to her room for several weeks necessary.

The Trustees of the Institution at their meeting Wednesday, granted President Patterson a leave of absence to commence December 30th. He will deliver a lecture before the Literary Society of Gal-laudet College on the evening of December 31st.

Trustee Judge George P. Tyler got into the hands of the light fingered gents while about to take his train for home at the Union station Thursday morning. He was just about to board the train when he felt some one extracting the pocketbook containing \$50, from his hip pocket. He saw two men at the same time running up the stairs. He gave chase and as they reached the gate, they parted. The Judge followed one into the waiting room, and just then an officer came along, and the fellow was nabbed, and taken to the station house. Of course, he pleaded innocence. A search revealed that he had over \$150 on his person. His trial will take place next Wednesday. Yesterday, his pal, no doubt, came to prison with a lawyer, to get his friend out, and while waiting to bring the man to the lawyer a policeman recognized him as an expert in the pocketbook lifting, and arrested him. So it is likely the Judge will have his wallet and contents restored to him.

Mr. Charles Wasserstrom, of Cleveland, was a visitor at the Institution, Sunday. He reports the deaf of his town not very busy just now, owing to the holiday season, but after that they will be at work again. Mr. Wasserstrom is a member of the Forest City Club, and has been delegated by it to visit deaf societies of the State, to get pointers. He went from here for Springfield, and from there was to go down to Cincinnati. Since leaving school, Mr. Wasserstrom has added a few pounds of avoid-oids, and seemed to be in the best of health.

The Ladies' Aid Society will hold a meeting for the election of officers on the evening of December 30th, in the Institution Library, commencing at seven o'clock.

Here's wishing the JOURNAL readers a joyous, happy Christmas. Dec. 20, '03. A. B. G.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The new Laurel Line on the Lackawanna and Wyoming Valley Railroad, between Scranton and this city, began its regular schedule of trips between the two cities on the morning of Wednesday, December 16th. "Professor" took the first trip to Scranton and returned to this city when the Laurel Line began its schedule of trips. Mr. B. Richmond, of Scranton, made the first trip to this city and returned to Scranton.

Many deaf-mutes of this city and nearby towns are anxious to make the trip on the new Laurel Line to Scranton on Christmas Day, where the annual Christmas festival of the Epiphania Guild of Deaf-Mutes will be held at St. Luke's Parish House, on Wyoming Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hayertz, of Alice, North Dakota, who are Herman Wirth's brother-in-law and sister, were at his house on December 9th. They stayed there for one week, and then went to Scranton to remain for two weeks with Mr. Wirth's relatives. They expect to return to Mr. Wirth's for a week and then go to Elmira for a week, returning home in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayeritz, who had never seen a coal mine, went with Mr. and Mrs. James Williams and family, Herman Wirth and "Professor," in the long tunnel for two miles. They were greatly interested in the mine and were surprised to see that there was a barn for the mules in the tunnel. "Professor" gave Mr. Hayeritz some pieces of coal to take home to North Dakota.

John McGrath and Flynn Clark, of Scranton, were in this city to visit us a couple of Saturday evenings ago.

Mr. Herman Wirth was up to Scranton visiting his relatives with his sister and brother-in-law last week.

William King, of Inkerman, recently called on "Professor" at Schmitt Sons' brick yard.

We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
Dec. 18, '03. PROFESSOR.

Deaf and Dumb Children

FREDERICK, MD., Dec. 14.—Dr. Bernard C. Steiner, of Baltimore; F. Snowden Hill, of Prince Georges county, and B. F. M. Hurley, of Hagerstown, members of the board of visitors of the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb, at Frederick, have been appointed a committee to draw up a bill for the compulsory education of all deaf-mute children in Maryland. The measure will be submitted to the General Assembly at its coming session. There are in Maryland a number of deaf and dumb children who are not receiving any instruction, and it is the desire of the board of visitors to have the State require all such children to be sent to the local school, where they may be educated without expense to their parents.

The Philadelphia Fair.

Hearing that the statement in the JOURNAL December 17, about the sale of articles at the Fair held on December 5, for the benefit of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf of Pennsylvania, might mislead those who contemplate similar sales, I beg to make a correction.

Not one of the eight quilts that were made by Miss Foley, assisted by several of the Committee, and sold at the Fair, went for so low a price as two dollars. Every one of the quilts sold for more than the sum mentioned in the JOURNAL. Eighteen dollars was cleared on the eight quilts sold at the Fair. Several that were made by the Committee were sold at a good price before the Fair. No one article at the sale brought more profit, except possibly the little cook book that was edited by Mrs. S. G. Davidson, printed by Mr. George Sanders with covers painted by Mr. Herold and Miss Crellen, one of Mr. Herold's former pupils. The exact amount cleared on this book is not known yet, but it will evidently prove one of the best investments the Committee made.

Yours truly,

JULIA A. FOLEY,
Treas. Committee on Fair.

NOTICE.

The 8th Annual Christmas Festival of the Brooklyn Guild will take place at St. Mark's chapel, Adelphi St., near Dekalb Avenue, on Wednesday, Dec. 30th, and is guaranteed to be fully as well conducted as any similar gathering held by the Guild during the past. A present will be given for every ticket bought. Short and witty speeches appropriate to the occasion will be made by prominent persons, and a chance for genuine Yuletide enjoyment will be given to all who attend. Come and enjoy it with us. Doors to the chapel will be open at 7:30 P. M., and the festival will start half an hour later or as soon thereafter as possible. To obtain the best seats be on hand early. Tickets, including a present, cost but 25 cents, and can be obtained at the door on the evening of the festival.

For the Committee of Arrangements,

ARCHIE J. McLAREN,
Chairman.
GEO. L. REYNOLDS, Sec'y.
78 South 4th St.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

DECEMBER.
27—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. Holy Communion.
2:30 P.M., St. John's, Lowell.
6:00 P.M., Trinity, Haverhill.

JANUARY 1904.
3—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
3:00 P.M., Ascension, Fall River.
8—7:45 P.M., Grace, Lawrence.

10—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. Holy Communion.
2:30 P.M., Grace, Providence, R. I.

12—3:30 P.M., N. E. Home, Allston.
17—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
3:30 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.
6:15 P.M., St. Peter's, Beverly.

24—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
2:30 P.M., St. John's, Lowell.
6:00 P.M., Trinity, Haverhill.

31—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
1:00 P.M., Bishop's Visitation, Confirmation and Holy Communion.

S. STANLEY SEARING,
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The snow was in the valley, the snow was on the hill.
The Christmas stars were shining, and the house was still.
The midnight cocks awoke me. I saw beside my bed
An angel in a moonbeam, with lilies on his head.

He spoke, in tones of music like sweetly chiming bells
That ring on crystal mornings o'er frosty fields and fells:
"There is on the fountain, the world is in a drift;
I come from Christ the Giver. What wouldst thou for a gift?"

I saw as in a vision a castle in the air,
With coffers full of jewels, and all for me to wear.
"Oh give me gold in plenty!" was my impatient cry
"So be it," said the angel, and left me, with a sigh.

The snows were changed to roses, the vale was bright below.
But round my rocky castle no living flower would blow.
I loved the roses better than all the gems I wore.
The pink and dewy roses that climbed the cottage door.

Came Christmas, bringing gladness to all the homes of men.
I pressed a sleepless pillow. The angel came again,
When I felt his presence, a breath of Eden rare,
And caught the lilies' perfume that lay about his hair.

I bent the knee before him: "Oh, give me love!" I cried,
"For all an empty pageant is wealth, and fame, and pride."
With his hand upraised in blessing, behold! he bent and smiled.

Then broke the Christmas morning, and all the bells went wild.
The angel was a vision of moonlight and the snow;
The rest I slept and dreamed it, that midnight long ago.
But as I twine the holly the walls of home to cheer,
Blue eyes and tender glances and loving lips are near.

For Christ is still the giver, and life the Christmas tree,
And love and gold, and glory upon its branches be.
But let the bells of Christmas proclaim it East and West,
Of all the gifts upon it, true love is still the best.

—Minnie Irving.

PEACE ON EARTH.

"What means this glory round our feet,
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means this star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering, overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

"Tis eighteen hundred years or more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like those of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come!"

But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round our feet shall ever shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of the shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth good-will to men!"

—Lowell.

A Boy's Mistake.

On the station platform two men stood waiting for their train. Another man, with a pick on his shoulder, was passing, on his way work.

He was not more than fifty or fifty-five years old, but his gait was stiff and labored, and there was a pronounced stoop in the figure.

His overalls, once brown, were lime bleached and faded to a soft "old rose," and bagged dejectedly at the knees. The face under the weatherbeaten hat was stolid and listless.

As he clumped along in his heavy cowhide boots, he apparently embodied that most pathetic figure which medieval Europe called the serf, and more modern Europe calls the peasants, and which the census enumerator of the present day, in free America sets down as "unskilled labor."

The elder of the two men on the platform pointed the man out to his companion.

"That man and I were school-mates," he said. "He was not dull at his books, and ought to have made a better condition in life for himself."

"What's the matter with him? Does he drink?" asked the younger man.

"No, nothing of that kind has ever hindered him. Let me tell you his story. When he was about fifteen years old he was offered a dollar a day to a dig a cellar. This seemed large wages to him and he left school and took the job. He was proud of his size and strength, and the offer made him feel so independent that he rather looked down on the rest of us boys. He never went back to school. He found work to do that required no skill or technical knowledge—only muscles under an overseer's direction—and he kept at it.

"I remember Judge Harty, one of the school committee, met John—his name is John Saunders—and he said to him: 'my boy you're making a great mistake and doing a very foolish thing. If you must work, why don't you learn a trade?'
"I'd have to give my time for three or four years for nothing. What would be the use of that? I'm as strong as a man and I'm getting a man's wages now," said John.
"Strong!" said the judge. "Are you as strong as one of my horses? They work for their keep, but I have to pay the man that drives \$30 a month besides his keep, and the man who shoes them \$3.00 a day. If strength counts for so much, I wonder the horses don't strike and look for a job of laying brick or carpentering?"

"But John thought the judge was only joking. He couldn't see why he should give his time to learning a trade or some profitable business, and work for nothing as he said, when he could work for wages, so he went on his own way."
"There are thousands like him," said the other man. "They never learn to do any special kind of business, and never seem to realize that the

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Words of Wisdom on Modern Journalism.

THE FIRST DANCE OF THE SEASON.

Basket Ball, and Other Items

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Now that the football season is over, and there are no long accounts of games to give our readers, we are almost at a loss to know what to write about. But it is the beginning of wisdom. Space must be filled, therefore, if events do not happen of their own account, we must make them come about. We will have to and go into details, and chronicle the small happenings of college life, poke fun when in the mood, pick bones with the "big uns," and in short fill space just to please the Editor. Ha! here is a joke already. The Editor will certainly grin, and ask why we did not keep the secret to ourselves. Journalism of to-day is not as it used to be. In the past papers were printed because some important news must be divulged. To-day it is different. A paper is printed because it must be, and if there is nothing to tell something is made up and printed, simply because the people demand it. But it should not be inferred from the above that we are going to do this. Instead we are going to do as some of the Institution papers. For instance, we notice in the little paper family, the foregoing, "Miss Libby kissed Charlie Johnson. She likes him." This is indeed great news. We notice that what is most common to us, is of most interest to others, so we will fight against our likes.

The first dance of the season came off Saturday evening. It can hardly be called a success or anything near it. The decorations were good, the crowd was not too large, the music was superb, the refreshments were delicious, but as to the floor it was simply wretched. Five times too much wax was used, and to make a bad matter worse, some unthinking individual went down to the kitchen and procured a dish pan full of fine corn meal. This in the hands of another unthinking individual was thrown broadcast over the room. The result was at first amusing, but in the end some who did not wish it found themselves sprawling on the floor. It was even worse than stepping on a banana peel! This simply ruined the evening's pleasure. We cannot help being indignant, for we only are given three dances during the whole year, and each one ought to be made the equal of two in point of pleasure. The Committee is not alone to blame, but it ought to have curbed the assumed authority of this aforementioned unthinking individual. Below is the order of dancing:

GRAND MARCH.

1. Waltz.....Fortune Teller
2. Two Step.....Tale of the Kangaroo
3. Waltz.....Rounders
4. Two Step.....Hiawatha
5. Waltz.....Valse Blon
6. Two Step.....Anona
7. Waltz.....Tessie

REFRESHMENTS.

8. Two Step.....Bedelia
9. Waltz.....Amourneuse
10. Two Step.....Bill Bailey
11. Waltz.....Good Old Summer Time
12. Two Step.....Under the Bamboo Tree
13. Waltz.....Serenade
14. Two Step.....Dr. Dooley

Music by Mr. Edwin S. Gee.

Committee—Ernest J. Hendricks, '04; C. Hunter Cooley, '05; Bert L. Forse, '06; John B. Chandler, '07.

Besides the fourteen dances on the program, there was ample time for three extras. Quite a number of outsiders were present, among these were Miss Grace Ohta, Mr. Lefevre, Mr. Balliu, two attaches of the Korean legation, Mrs. Amatis, Miss Alma Peet, and one or two strangers.

Basket-ball is more and more claiming the attention of the students. Instructor Adams has decided to make it a regular feature of the gymnasium work, and will bring it under his immediate supervision. A sort of practice game was played Saturday morning between a team composed of Seniors and one made up of Sophomores. The latter easily went down. The line up was as below:

SENIORS.	POSITION.	SOPH.
Nesam	right forward	Mikesell
Drake	left forward	Richard
Math	centre	Clark
Schulte	right guard	Rowse
Winemiller	left guard	Lindstrom

Referee, Bruns, '07, Umpire Jaffray, I. C. Each class can produce a good team, and the contest for honors during the holidays will be a close one.

The second of the Faculty lectures was delivered Friday evening by Prof. Day. He took for his subject "The Land of the Czar."

The Rev. Charles C. Hall, President of the Union Theological Seminary of New York City, took dinner with President Gallaudet last Sunday, after the ordination of his son Herbert. Rev. Hall was formerly

connected with the University of Chicago, and while in that capacity made an extended tour of India and Japan. He has had some very notable experiences, which Dr. Gallaudet related to his Sunday School class, Sunday morning.

Mr. W. G. Wheeler, ex-'05, who has been studying in the Washington Linotype School for the past six weeks, left for his home in Ashland, Ky., Friday. He took a combined course and is now fitted to manipulate a typesetting machine from top to bottom.

Mr. Albert V. Ballin has returned to Washington, and will very likely spend the remainder of the winter here. He has obtained several orders from the Walsh's, and that is assurance that more is to come.

The sad news of the death of Miss Maud Hagler, ex-'05, reached College last week. Miss Hagler had not been well for quite a time, and after leaving College last June she was suddenly taken ill with a lung complaint, to which she succumbed on November 22d. Her classmates have passed resolutions of condolence and sympathy and will send a copy to her family, also print the resolutions in the *Buff and Blue*.

Dr. Gallaudet spent Thursday and a part of Friday in Philadelphia.

Mr. Ernest Draper is getting along pretty well under the circumstances. The injury to his knee is not so bad as was supposed, and the bandage of plaster of paris will soon be removed. He will remain until after the holidays.

Complaint has already been made by Disburser Fowler that the gas-bills are becoming exorbitant. This must be a sure sign that the students are starting to cram already.

Examinations will begin on Monday, December 21st, and continue until Wednesday.

Vacation will extend through to January 4th.

The subject for the Ephphatha Sunday School concert Sunday afternoon was "Joy." It was voted to send \$10 of the collections to help along the work of a benevolent man in Paris.

Mr. P. W. Lee, who has been suffering for quite a while with inflammation of the stomach, was taken to the Columbian Hospital Thursday evening. The latest reports state that our friend is rapidly improving.

In last week's letter, we neglected to state that Mr. Howe Phelps, '05, had again been chosen to captain next year's football team. We trust he will profit from this year's experiences.

Miss Alma Peet, of near Philadelphia, is visiting her aunt, Miss Elizabeth Peet, this week.

One of the Ducks on the other side of the house, has been leaving considerable trouble with a refractory tooth—a sweet tooth! To the Freshmen it seems odd that a Duck should have a tooth, but this one has, and to her sorrow apparently.

Miss Helen Fish, '05, has been confined to her room for the past week, with a severe cold. She will be around again in a day or two, in time to take the examinations.

Mr. Lester Rosson is now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Eddington. He expects to find work in the city until the baseball season opens next March.

The December issue of the *Buff and Blue* will contain a half tone engraving of the football team. This number will be out by the first of next week.

H. D. Drake, '04.

Concerning Proctor's.

The theatrical manager who can please the children is the one who unfailingly wins success. These are the jolly days (as well as the holidays) when the little folks are especially eager to be amused by visits to the theatres, and in the Proctor theatres above all others they are catered to intelligently and effectively. Ever since the holidays came near, Mr. Proctor has made his programmes with a keen eye to the delighting of his school-children patrons, whom he numbers in the thousands. On any of his bills these days, the "kids" are sure to be tickled by clever trained dogs, grotesque and solemn-faced monkeys, cutely educated cats, or beautiful trained horses; while the marionette shows the funny moving pictures with their thrilling portrayal of Santa Claus' midnight chimney visit—all contribute to send the little ones home simply delighted. These are great days for the Proctor child-visitor.

The wizard Edison, it is said, invented the Kallitroscope, or moving picture machine, during one of his idle days, when his great brain had become tired with some of the vast problems that confronted him. If this be true, then all the children in the world owe a debt of pleasurable gratitude to that marvelous man of Menlo Park, for all the features ever placed upon a theatre stage the Kallitroscope heads the list in its perpetual fascination for the young folks. "In all my quiver of contrivances," said the inventor, "I never saw an attraction that gives such promise of becoming an absolutely permanent feature of entertainment designed for ladies and children as does the moving picture machine. At all my theatres I have used it now without cessation for over seven years, and in all that time its wonders have never ceased to delight its spectators, young or old. That is perhaps accounted for by the fact that the pictures are always kept up to the times. For New Year's week, for example, there are sure to be several jolly and spirited pictures appropriate to the occasion. I would not wonder a bit if the omnipresent 'Kaly' man would have President Roosevelt receiving New Year's greetings! Stranger things have happened—especially on the Kallitroscope."

On the northern coast of Africa, Morocco is the only country which has no railroad up to the present time. All traffic from the coast to the interior is carried on by camel caravans.

The Checkerboard of Speech and Signs.

By ROBERT E. MAYNARD.

There seems to be a concerted effort, in different States, looking to the abolition of the Electric or Combined System, in the education of the deaf. The legislatures and official boards are being impudently made to make the pure oral method compulsory. On the other side of the Atlantic, where pure-oralism has long been dominant, and largely ineffective, the opposite is the case, and the endeavor is being made to have the Combined System inaugurated. Our trans-Atlantic friends are going forward. The one-method-for-all scheme, is not only a selfish movement, but cruel and inhuman. If legislators and others would learn the true meaning and intellect-dwarfing effect of pure-oralism, let them inquire of the best-educated, and progressive, and successful deaf in their several localities. There would be but one verdict: No Procrustean bed for God's afflicted "children of silence."—E. A. Hodgson, in *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*.

YOU'LL hear, my friends, "with what a brave carouse, I've made a second marriage in my house." Divorced old barren speech from my head And took the Daughter of the Signs to spouse.

Up from the school room, through the graded gate I passed, and on the throne of Education sat, And many a problem unravelled by the road, Made clear by Signs and System of Five Slate.

Myself, though young, did often frequent Learned professors, and heard great argument, About Speech; and about—but evermore Came out the same door wherein I went.

Why, all the great men who discussed Of "Pure Oralism" so learnedly, are thrust Like happy prophets forth, their words to heed—"Are scattered, and their mouths are stopt with dust."

For lo! Combinists, who, scattering into flight, The Pure-Oralists before them from a field of strife, Drives their "facts" and "fiction," and strikes Their booming turret with the Signs of Might.

The hope the Oralists set their hearts upon, "Turns ashes—or it prospers, and anon," Like snow upon the desert's dusty plain, Lights an hour or two, and then is gone.

Waste not your time in the vain pursuit "Of this and that endeavor, and dispute," Be liberal with the use of Signs, Of their benefit would that you tell the Truth.

Can Oralists fling the Manual Alphabet and Signs aside, And on the air of pure-oralism ride? We'll not a shame—we'll not a shame, To cripple thus the deaf—how poor the guide!

I must abjure the thought of fraud, I must, Scared by some after-reckoning of Truth in Trust,

Or lured with Hops, of some Diviner means To fit the Deaf—when crumbled into dust!

Kind argument for Signs that we may throw, For the world's knowledge, but may steal below, To ally the fire of anguish in some eye, "There hidden—just beneath, and long ago."

Signs, the happy vision of fulfilled desire,— And Speech, the thought of a soul on fire; Cast on the Deaf—from which ourselves So late emerged from, so soon require?

Why, be these Signs the growth of God, who dare Blaspheme their Usefulness as a snare? A Blessing, we should use them, should we not? "And if a curse, why then, Who put them there?"

The Language that can, with Logic most absolute, Safely unite the thousands of the deaf and mute, The sovereign friend that in a trice Can raise the deaf from ignorance to repute.

Look at the golden signs about us, lo! Graceful and pleasing they come and go; The silken purse-strings of their Meaning tear, And on the struggling Deaf the Treasure throw.

And those who husbanded the golden signs, Those who gave them to the needful deaf and blind, Alike to no such "Pure-Oralism" were turned, At midnight, by the Master of the Kind.

Interesting Features at the Eden Musee.

At no time in the twenty-five years, history of the Eden Musee has the management provided so many and so interesting attractions as now. During the entire winter the Musee will be one of the most pleasing amusement places in the city. A large number of new wax groups have been made and double the regular number of artists are employed. In every way possible the Musee is managing to keep its wax works collection thoroughly up to date. But the wax groups are only a small feature of the Musee. Moving pictures have become an important factor. But the pictures shown at the Musee are the best that can be procured anywhere in the world. Many of them are taken expressly for the Musee and are shown nowhere else until the Musee has discarded them, when they find a ready sale. This screen used is the largest in the world and the machine by which the picture are projected upon the screen is an invention of one of the Musee's mechanics and produces the least possible flicker. The science of mysterious pictures has been developed to an amazing point and the pictures produced savor of the supernatural as well as marvelous. People appear and disappear instantaneously and visions appear in pictures so that often the visitor believes he is living in a world of chance. These pictures are shown in series of twelve each and each hour a different series is shown. The daily afternoon and evening concert remains a feature and are growing in popularity so that thousands of people visit the Musee solely for the music. In addition to all these attractions, there will be at all times at the Musee some special attraction of a novel character which will vary from week to week.

Severe Winter Is Predicted by Old Inhabitants.

Old inhabitants in Wyandot county have predicted a long and severe winter since the recent heavy fall of snow, which has not been so early in many years. They give as reasons that squirrels have completely denuded the forests of nuts, turkeys have breastbones of double strength, evergreen trees have a much heavier foliage than usual, turtles and snakes have hibernated at twice their usual depths, rabbits have extra heavy front teeth, coons have three coats of hair, while shingles on houses have grown a coat of hair or fuzz. These are said to be unfailing signs of the coming winter and the old people advise all to prepare for it.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

"THE NIGHT AFTER XMAS."

BASKET BALL.

"Silent Five" vs. Co. K Team (Hoboken, N. J.)

POLO ATHLETIC CLUB

129th St. and Park Ave.

Saturday Evening, December 26, 1903

At 8:30

Preliminary Game—

"TREMONTS" vs. GRANT FIVE

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS

SECOND ANNUAL

Masquerade Ball AND Carnival

Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club

New Leiderkranz Hall

152-154 Manhattan Avenue, corner Meserole Street, Brooklyn.

Saturday Evening, January 30, 1904.

MUSIC BY PROF. AMBROSE K. REIFF.

TICKETS, - - - 25 CENTS

Committee of Arrangements.

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P. F. Redington, G. V. Warren,
J. E. Taplin, T. O'Grady.

Prizes will be awarded the best costumed lady and gentlemen portraying the subject they present.

How to Reach the Hall.

Take Ferry from foot of Roosevelt Street, or Grand Street, or East 23d Street, or 42d Street, or Houston Street. Arriving in Brooklyn take Bushwick Avenue Trolley cars. From the Bridge take the Graham Avenue trolley cars, and tell the conductor to stop at Leiderkranz Hall.

It is the intention of the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club to make this occasion far surpass any ever yet undertaken, and in addition to the usual features, they have arranged for a grand carnival. Mr. Warren will have charge of the carnival end of the programme, and we think from present indications, will make things hum.

THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:

I have a very few lithographs of the old school, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Foster and Dr. Crouter, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine picture in black and white, size 25x33 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.

I have, also, a few hundred lithographic Gallaudet Alphabet Cards, the first ever published, in 13 colors and gold. The size is 6x9 1/2 inches. They are nice to give particular hearing friends. There is a card within card, a blank space on which you can write your name and present your compliments. A marked sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. The cards will not be sold in lots less than half a dozen for 50 cents, or \$1.00 per baker's dozen.

On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to \$2.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

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[For the Increase of the Death Fund.]

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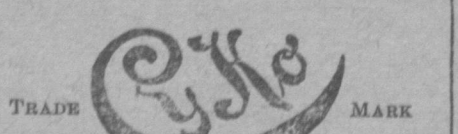
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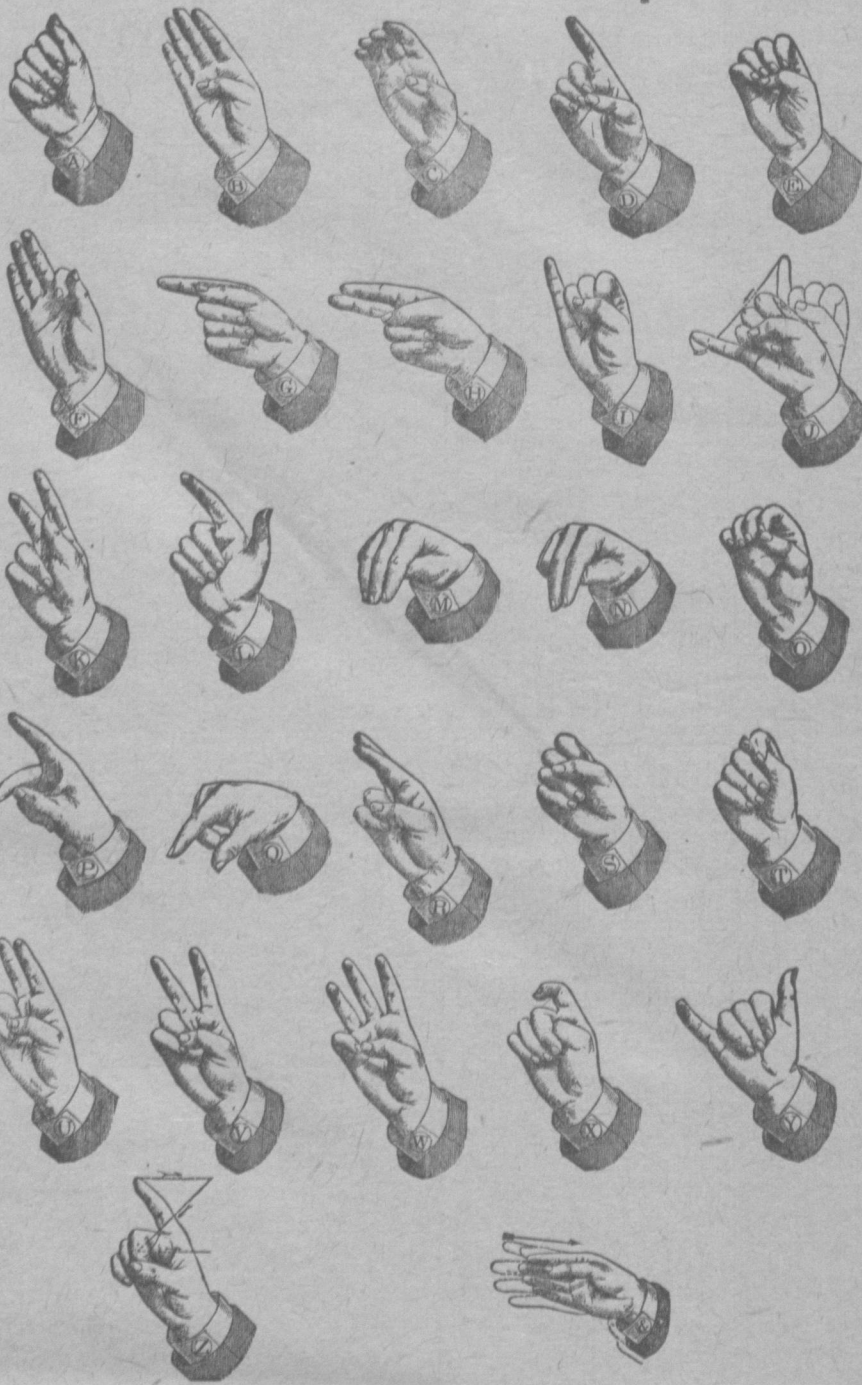
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